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L A Y S

OF

L O V E A N D F A I T H.

WITH

OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS.

BY

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

PHILADELPHIA:

LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

1848.

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C. S H E R M A N, P R I N T E R,

19 St. James Street.

As one arranges in a simple vase,
A little store of unpretending flowers,
So gathered I some records of past hours,
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace ;
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers ;
But dear memorials of my happy days,
When Heaven shed blessings on my heart, like showers
Clothing with beauty ev'n the desert place ;
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,
The charm of art, the rapture music sends ;
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends.

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P O E M S.

I N V O C A T I O N.

HUSHED is their song;—from long-frequented grove,
Pale Memory, are thy bright-eyed daughters gone;
No more in strains of melody and love,
Gush forth thy sacred waters, Helicon;
Prostrate on Egypt's plain, Aurora's son,
God of the sunbeam and the living lyre,
No more shall hail thee with mellifluous tone;
Nor shall thy Pythia, raving from thy fire,
Speak of the future sooth to those who thee inquire.

No more at Delos, or at Delphi now,
Or even at mighty Ammon's Lybian shrine,

The white-robed priests before the altar bow,
To slay the victim and to pour the wine,
While gifts of kingdoms round each pillar twine ;
Scarce can the classic pilgrim, sweeping free
From fallen architrave the desert vine,
Trace the dim names of their divinity—
Gods of the ruined temples, where, oh ! where are ye ?

The Naiad bathing in her crystal spring,
The guardian Nymph of every leafy tree,
The rushing \mathbb{A} Elus on viewless wing,
The flower-crowned Queen of every cultured lea,
And He who walked with monarch-tread the sea,
The awful Thunderer, threatening them aloud,
GOD ! were their vain imaginings of Thee,
Who saw thee only through the illusive cloud
That sin had flung around their spirits like a shroud.

As fly the shadows of uncertain night,
On misty vapours of the early day,
When bursts o'er earth the sun's resplendent light,
Fantastic visions, they have passed away,

Chased by the purer Gospel's orient ray.

My soul's bright waters flow from out thy throne,
And on my ardent breast thy sunbeams play;

Fountain of thought! True Source of light! I own,
In joyful strains of praise, thy sovereign power alone.

O breathe upon my soul thy Spirit's fire,

That I may glow like seraphim on high,
Or rapt Isaiah kindling o'er his lyre;—

And sent by thee let holy Hope be nigh,
To fill with prescient joy my ravished eye,

And gentle Love to tune each jarring string
Accordant with the heavenly harmony;

Then upward borne, on Faith's aspiring wing,
The praises of my God to listening earth I sing.

T O M Y M O T H E R.

My mother! Manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine ;
Yet turn I fondly to thee now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low-whispered prayers my slumbers blest.

I never call that gentle name,
My mother! but I am again
E'en as a child ; the very same
That prattled at thy knee ; and fain
Would I forget, in momentary joy,
That I no more can be thy happy boy ;

Thine artless boy, to whom thy smile
Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night ;

(Though rare that frown, and brief the while
It veiled from me thy loving light ;)
For well-conned task, ambition's highest bliss
To win from thy approving lips a kiss.

I've lived through foreign lands to roam,
And gazed on many a classic scene ;
But oft the thought of that dear home,
Which once was ours, would intervene,
And bid me close again my languid eye,
To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,
Where by the Hudson's verdant side,
My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,
And *he* we loved, at eventide
Would hastening come, from distant toil to bless
Thine and his children's radiant happiness !

Those scenes are fled ; the rattling car
O'er flint-paved streets profanes the spot,
Where in the sod we sowed the "Star
Of Bethlehem" and "Forget-me-not ;"

Oh! Wo to Mammon's desolating reign,
We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name; yet sage
Or poet ne'er have taught thy son
Lessons so pure, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his mother's faith shed o'er his youth.

If e'er through grace my God shall own
The offerings of my life and love,
Methinks, when bending close before his throne,
Amid the ransomed hosts above,
Thy name on my rejoicing lips shall be,
And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee!

For thee and heaven; for thou didst tread
The way that leads to that blest land;
My often wayward footsteps led,
By thy kind words and patient hand;
And when I wandered far, thy faithful call
Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

I have been blest with other ties,
Fond ties and true, yet never deem
That I the less thy fondness prize.

No, mother ! in the warmest dream
Of answered passion, through this heart of mine,
One chord will vibrate to no name but thine !

Mother ! thy name is widow ; well
I know no love of mine can fill
The waste place of thy heart, nor dwell
Within one sacred recess ; still,
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
My parent ! thou art more—my *only* one !

T O M Y W I F E.

AFAR from thee, the morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me ;
Alas ! my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee ;
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast ;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee ! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good,
For I can only think of thee ;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one ;

Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee ! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet ;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet :
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee ! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee ;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love, with thee !
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh,
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in His loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide ;

Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside ;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free ;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love, I am with thee.

T O —.

I LOVED thee when in earlier years,
Thy pulse with health beat high,
And none but childhood's passing tears
Had wet thy gentle eye ;
Ere pain had set its sign upon
That fair and open brow,
While through thy cheek the warm blood shone,
Like summer's sunset glow.

But now that pulse is faint and weak,
Or flushed with hectic fire ;
And wan and pale that once bright cheek,
Which fed my young desire.
Long suffering's trace is on thy brow,
And dim though sweet thine eye ;

But thou art dearer to me now,
Than e'er in years gone by.

Yes! dearer e'en than when I heard,
In low and murmuring tone,
From thee the one confiding word,
That made thee all my own :
Yes, lovelier art thou now to me,
Than when in beauty's pride,
I blessed thee for thy constancy,
And clasped thee as my bride.

Fade as thou wilt, thy spirit seems
Purer within to shine ;
And through that smile it ever beams
Its loveliness on mine.
My only one! so close I've worn
Thee to my fearful heart,
That when from me away thou'rt torn,
Its strings must rend apart.

T O —.

FAR over Helle's rapid wave,
From Sestos' temple height,
Young Hero's lamp sweet promise gave,
Through the dark, stormy night;
Leander saw—his fearless breast
Dashed through the rushing tide,
To win her welcome to his rest
From peril, by her side.

Thus has thy true love been to me
The hope that led me on,
A star upon life's troubled sea,
When other lights were gone;
Cheerful through all the strife I press,
So that I see the while
My meed and earnest of success,
In thy fond faithful smile.

CLING TO THY MOTHER!

CLING to thy mother ; for she was the first
To know thy being, and to feel thy life ;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nurst ;
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
Her babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother ; long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth ;
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisplings truth.
Yes, she is old ; yet on thine adult brow
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother ; close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest ;

Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest :
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time
May be, that she will claim the care she gave ;
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime
Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave :
But for her children, she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother ; words unkind,
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venom'd serpent.* Wound not that strong trust,
As thou wouldest hope for peace when she is dust.

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,

* “ How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !”—LEAR.

The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but make my sweet employ,
Ever through thy remaining days to be
To thee as faithful, as thou wert to me.

L I V E T O D O G O O D.

LIVE to do good ; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done ;
Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is opprest,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake
Who died for thine ; fixing thy purpose ever

High as His throne no wrath of man can shake ;
So shall He own thy generous endeavour,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good ; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above ;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

MUSIC IN THE HEART.

“A simple race, they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.”—SCOTT.

’Tis not in hope to win
The world’s vain smile, that thus I frequent pour
My artless song ;—’tis that the cup runs o’er—
I cannot keep within
The gushing thoughts that struggle to have way,
Flowing in unpremeditated lay.

The rock, struck by the rod,
Shed streams of gladness on the desert plain,
So from my ruder heart flows forth the strain,
Touched by thy grace, O God !
The saddest day has lost its gloom for me,
If I may sing at eventide to Thee.

Thou, who the bird has taught
Its tune, the brook to gurgle, and the breeze
To make sweet music with the forest trees,

Within my soul hast wrought
The charm divine, to cheer me on my way
To that bright world where angels sing for aye.

Mine is no lofty lyre,
Nor lute voluptuous,—nor the poet's meed
Of laurel crown ;—a simple pastor's reed
Responds my meek desire
To breathe, obscure from men, into thine ear,
My God, the strain which they would scorn to hear.

Yet, if its numbers might
Win back unto thy fold some wandering sheep,
Or bid some pilgrim sad forget to weep,
I shall have rich delight ;
Nor need to envy then the proudest name
That stands emblazoned on the roll of fame.

M A R Y.

I'VE been thinking of thee,
Till, like a melody,
Ran the sweet thoughts to me :
“ Mary ! Mary !”

My heart sings like a bird,
At sound of that sweet word,
The sweetest ever heard :
“ Mary ! Mary !”

As o'er and o'er again
I am murmuring the strain,
Still echoes the refrain :
“ Mary ! Mary !”

In the hush of midnight deep,
When I sink to tranquil sleep,
On my lips the charm I keep :
“ Mary ! Mary !”

Then in dreams I quickly glide
To thy dear faithful side,
My love, my joy, my pride :
“ Mary ! Mary !”

S U S I E.

WHAT shall I liken thee to, Susie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What so sweet and so fair, can with thee compare ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a flower, born in the first shower

That tells us the spring-tide is here, Susie ?

No, the flower fades away at the close of the day ;

Thou art blooming and sweet all the year, Susie !

What shall I liken thee to, Susie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What rings out so free, as thy laugh full of glee ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a bird, whose warble is heard

From the bough of the blossoming tree, Susie ?

No, the bird's song is still, when November blows chill;
Never wind shall blow coldly on thee, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?
What shall I liken thee to?
What so precious and bright, as thy face of delight?
What shall I liken thee to?
To brilliants that shine like stars from the mine,
Or pearls from the depths of the sea, Susie?
No, the gem has been sold for silver and gold;
But what price could ever buy thee, Susie?

There's nought I can liken thee to, Susie,
There's nought I can liken thee to:
Bird, flowret, and gem, alike I condemn;
There's naught I can liken thee to.
Thou'rt a gift from above, of the Father of love,
Sent to call our hearts upward to Him, Susie;
His smile we see now in the light on thy brow;
God grant it may never grow dim, Susie!

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

WITHIN her downy cradle, there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her
smiled ;
When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-
born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in
beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of
azure hue ;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the
sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's
fall ;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of
childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her
face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem en-
shrine ;
Till all who knew her wondered, that God should be
so good,
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and
rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into
youth ;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than
before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could
not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,

As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast :

“ Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,

But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face ;

“ Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,

And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung ;

Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of sin.

“ Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,

Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay ;

And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—

Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with immortality !”

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle
breath,

For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best,
was DEATH !

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF
HEAVEN.”

I HEARD a gentle murmuring,
Twixt laughter and a tune,
Or like a full brook gurgling
Through the long grass in June.

I traced the sound ; an infant lay
There in his cradle-bed ;
And through the curtain shone a ray
Of sunshine on his head.

It flashed from off each golden tress,
Like the glory painters see
Round young John in the wilderness,
Or Christ on Mary’s knee.

The child put up his little hand,
He waved it to and fro ;
And words I could not understand,
Seemed from his lips to flow ;

Words in which joy and love would blend,
As if he thought the while
The light to be a pleasant friend,
A friend with a pleasant smile.

Thus, till the sunny ray grew dim,
As it passed the window-pane,
He murmured on his happy hymn,
Then fell asleep again.

O God ! I thought, that I could be
Like that meek little child ;
To greet thy truth which smiles on me,
With brow as undefiled ;

And then, with lips as innocent,
And heart as free from guile,
Sing of thy love in glad content,
Look up, and see thee smile.

A N E M O N E S.

GOD ! in what unsparing showers,
Hast thou lavished these fair flowers !
On the slope of sunny bank,
'Mongst the budding mosses dank,
At the dripping steep rock's foot,
Round the tall tree's swelling root;
Everywhere I look, I see
Springing the Anemone.

The swain goes whistling to his work,
The hunter seeks in copse to lurk,
The warrior on his steed pricks by,
And love casts down the maiden's eye,
While the bent man with hoary hair
Is plodding on in grasping care ;

Few have time or glance for thee,
Lowly, sweet Anemone.

Like thy thousand starry eyes,
Are the thoughts that in me rise,
Whensoe'er I walk abroad
In the sun or shade with God ;
Neither toil, nor force, nor stealth,
Meddle with the boundless wealth,
Which His sweet grace gives to me,
With thy flowers, Anemone.

V I O L E T S.

WHEN the sou'west winds do bring,
For the earth's awakening,
Soft, and warm, and loving breath,
Quickening Nature from her death ;
Look, where sunward, as he sets,
Leans the bank, for violets !

Under leaves of tender green,
Shrinking, modest are they seen,
Smiling with their meek blue eyes,
Where the perfumed dewdrop lies :
Happy he who ne'er forgets,
Welcome for the violets !

So when past the hour of pain,
Cheering mercy comes again,

God! may thankful thoughts arise,
From my humble heart and eyes ;
Eyes that still the sorrow wets,
Like the gentle violets.

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T O —.

I know not that thou'rt beautiful in other eyes than
mine;

Nor can I tell the nameless charm that makes this
bosom thine;

I only know that I could gaze for ever on that face,
And see, in every feature, love, in every gesture, grace.

The slightest touch of thy soft hand goes thrilling to
my heart,

Awakening all its chords to joy, as by a minstrel's
art;

I may not hear the slightest tone of thy low liquid
voice,

Nor feel as though some mystic power had called me
to rejoice.

There was a time that I could change my homage at
my will,
And leave the lovely one, to bend before a lovelier
still ;
But now no eyes but thine seem bright, no form but
thine is fair ;
I'm always happy where thou art, and happy only
there.

T O A Y O U N G F R I E N D.

ARE there not moments when thy heart is burning,
Sweet lady, thy young happy heart,
With strange mysterious sympathies ; a yearning
To walk from ruder scenes apart,
Alone with holy Nature ; from her learning
Wild numbers, and, with gentle art,
To echo back her voice ?

Hast thou not felt its secret chords all trembling,
Like the *Æolian* strings to the glad breeze,
And murmuring music fitfully resembling
Their rich, unearthly symphonies ?

Oh ! well mayst thou rejoice ;
For by that conscious token,
God to thy heart hath spoken.

'Tis He who taught the lark, from earth up-springing,
 To warble forth his matin strain :
And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
 Gladly to bless the thirsty plain ;
And from the laden bee, when homeward winging
 With tiny song, doth not disdain
 To hear the voice of praise.

There's not a voice of Nature but is telling
 (If we will hear that voice aright,)
How much, when human hearts with love are swelling,
 His blessed bosom hath delight
 In our rejoicing lays ;
 His love, that never slumbers,
 Taught thee these tuneful numbers.

There are cold hearts will bid thee check the gladness
 Of thy young spirit, in the flow
Of joyous poesy ; and say, that sadness
 Suits better with our world of wo ;
That minstrelsy oft ends in moaning madness,
 As thou too late mayst know ;
 O lady, heed them not !

The world, 'tis true, hath many a shade of sorrow ;

Yet we have gleams of bliss, the light

Of an eternal dawn ; then let us borrow

Its holy hope, to keep our spirits bright

Here in our darker lot.

The angels sing in heaven,

And song to thee is given.

Hath not God strewed our weary way with flowers,

And clothed, with robe of many a hue,

The fragrant meadows and the woodland bowers,

Feeding their beauty with his dew,

Making them glad with sunshine and with showers ?

Is it not written that He knew

Himself a joy divine,

Amidst young Eden's holy trees, when walking

There his children sought his love ?

And the pure spirit still may hear Him talking

Such words as drew rapt Enoch's soul above.

So ask Him to draw thine ;

Seek Him, for He is near thee,

Sing to Him, He will hear thee.

Live thou with God in nature ; never falter
In thy communings with Him. Be
Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,
Who found a home from peril free
In God's own house, and nestled near His altar,
Making it ring with melody.

That temple stands no more ;
But Nature standeth still ; God's holy presence
Abideth with us ; and the offering
Of thankful joy to Him, whose perfect essence
Is perfect Love, our glowing lips may bring
Till this brief life is o'er ;
And in a brighter, better,
Our spirits know no fetter.

L I N E S,

ON LEAVING THE MANOR-HOUSE, ALBANY, 1835.

WHEN fainting in the desert heat,
The pilgrim finds some greener spot,
Where arching palms above him meet,
And the fierce sunbeams reach him not;
But streams of living water flow,
To slake his thirst and cool his brow;
He lingers long, his toil forgot;
Then sighs to think that o'er the plain,
Must lie his burning way again.
—So lingered one beneath the shade
Of these ancestral trees, and blest
The kind hearts that his welcome made
To pleasant food and quiet rest,
An humble, yet an honoured guest;
Then, pausing on the threshold there,
Left for his thanks, a pilgrim's prayer.

T O —.

O LET me gaze into thine eyes,
Those gentle eyes, so beautiful !
The heavens above are cold and dull,
To their sweet mysteries.

In them I read of God's good might,
More profitable lessons far,
Than in the most resplendent star ;
They show a world more bright.

Within their lucid depths, live Truth,
Love, Honour, Meekness, Courage, Peace,
Abounding with a sure increase,
Immortal in their youth :

Types of all pure and noble things
Are radiant there from upper skies ;
As angels once in Paradise
Walked with their folded wings :

Kind motives, fragrant as the balm
Of healing ; wishes to do good,
Soft as the breeze through Gilead's wood,
That breaketh not its calm :

Hopes of a better life, that yearn
As exiles for their place of birth ;
Fires, fed with incense on the earth,
Ascending as they burn ;

And harmonies, not of the sense,
But thought, such as just spirits sing,
When the UNSEEN is listening
Their hush of joy intense.

Let me gaze on, till I forget
Thine outward loveliness of form,
And know, instead of passion warm,
A higher rapture yet.

Take me within thy heart ; unite
My soul to thine, that I may share
The holy health which liveth there,
The ever deep delight.

Teach me thy strength of patient faith,
The lessons thou hast learned so well
From sacred suffering, and tell
Me what God's angel saith.

O God, 'tis no idolatry,
The love that twines me round thy gift,
Who thus my weaker soul doth lift
Upward with hers to thee !

Thou speakest in the tempest wind,
The earthquake shock, the lightning fire ;
But most thy Presence doth inspire
The lowly, Christ-like mind.

And thy wise grace hath sent,
In the sweet life and words of her
So dear to me, a messenger
Of Christ most eloquent.

O ! call her not to leave me ; she
May wait for Heaven, who lives so near
To Thee on earth ; till both shall hear
Thy voice, “Come up to me !”

NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone ; and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings ; I hear a gush
Of mystic harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Phantasies,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
 Calling me to arise,
To go forth with you from my very self, and fly
Far into the unseen, unknown immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere ; What are ye ? Whence ?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
 Now strong as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit ;

Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now ; I see
With more than natural light ; Ye are the good,
The wise *departed* ; Ye
Are come from heaven, to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced, in ancient days, with glorious thought
For many a distant age ;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul,
(Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He,
Trembling, saw round Him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,)
With courage strong : the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep, O ! keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings ;
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings ;
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel like you, 'mid the white-robed throng.

L I N E S,

S U G G E S T E D B Y T H E F O L L O W I N G P A S S A G E I N A
F R I E N D ' S L E T T E R .

“Last week I buried my sweet little Mary; she was three years and two months old, and had been ill four weeks. She was born on the Sabbath, taken sick on the Sabbath, and buried on the Sabbath. During her illness she seemed to take great consolation in repeating the many hymns she had learned. ‘Mother,’ said she one day, ‘I will meet you on the way to Jordan.’ We thought she was asleep, but she was gone.”—REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

’TWAS on a blessed morning of the blessed day of rest,
I clasped thee, as a gift from God, first to a father’s
breast;
And sweetly didst thou nestle there, a thing of holy
love,
Till soul shone out thy pleasant face, like sunshine
from above;

And the accents of thy lisping tongue seemed, to my
partial thought,

Like music, from the angel guards around thy pillow
caught.

We called thee by her precious name, who poured the
rich perfume,

With tears, upon her Master's feet, and watched his
early tomb.

I loved thee well, how tenderly God only knows; but
thou

Art clasped unto the heart of One, who loves thee
better now.

'Twas on another blessed day, 'midst the Sabbath's
holy hush,

When first we marked upon thy cheek the fever's
hectic flush;

And a shuddering sense of mortal ill ran through thy
gentle frame,

Till we dared not speak the fearful thoughts that o'er
our spirits came;

And many a weary, sleepless night, and weary, sleep-
less day,

We watched, beside thy burning bed, thy young life
pass away.

Yet there was joy amidst our grief, and hope, no tears
could dim,

As we listened to thy whispered prayers, and sweetly
warbled hymn :

Oh ! faithfully we watched thee then, amidst thy
pangs ; but thou

Art fallen asleep on Jesus' breast, and He will watch
thee now.

And yet another Sabbath came, but we left the house
of God,

To seek for thee a narrow house beneath the verdant
sod ;

And many a bitter tear was shed, as we sadly asked
for room

To hide our loved one from our sight within the silent
tomb.

Yet upward through those tears to heaven, each eye in
hope was cast,

That there will dawn for thee a day, the holiest and
the last ;

A day of endless life and joy, of fadeless, cloudless
light,

When God Almighty and the Lamb shall chase away
the night.

Oh ! lovely wert thou in our eyes, my beautiful, but
thou

Wilt wake with God's own likeness then upon thy
cherub brow.

Thou mayest not come again to us ; we would not call
thee back,

To tread with us, 'midst toil and gloom, the pilgrim's
desert track :

But oh ! that He, the lowly One, would grant us grace
to be

Like thee in childlike gentleness, and meek simpli-
city ;

Then shall we follow where thou art, and in the trying
day,

When we must tread the vale of death, thou'l meet us
on our way,

A radiant messenger of God, sent from the holy throng
Around the throne, to welcome us with angel harp and
song.

Oh ! blest will be our meeting then, in that pure home
on high,

Where sin no more shall cloud the heart, or sorrow dim
the eye !

“TO BE OR NOT TO BE.”

WHEN the heart beats high with youthful pride,
And the form we love is by our side ;
When friends are fond, and life is gay
With all th' enchantment hope can give ;
Then all around us seems to say,
O what a pleasant thing to **LIVE** !

But when youth's glowing fires decay,
And the form we love has passed away ;
When hope has fled, and one by one
Our early friends in silence lie ;
(If God would say our work was done,)
O what a pleasant thing to **DIE** !

L I N E S,

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO LAUREL HILL.

THE dead, the dead, the precious dead,
O ! bear them far from the noisy tread
And crowded haunts of busy men,
To the sunlit mount and vine-clad glen,
Where the mourner, bending o'er the stone,
May pour her tears, and breathe her moan,
In the luxury of grief, alone ;
And no profaner step intrude
Upon the silent solitude.

The dead, the dead, the Christian dead,
On whose parting hour Christ's grace was shed,
Let them lie where once the Master slept,
And the angels vigil o'er him kept ;

Amid the garden's living bloom,
Where grief may lose all thought of gloom,
In the verdure rich, and soft perfume,
And quell the murmuring thoughts that rise,
In the sweet hope of Paradise.

The dead, the dead, the lowly dead,
O ! make with them my last low bed,
Not in the charnel's loathsome cave,
But 'neath the turf of the verdant grave ;
There let my "dust return to dust,"
To rest in hope among the just,
On my mother's breast in holy trust ;
Till that "illustrious morning" break,
When "they who sleep in dust shall wake."

TO MY FRIEND'S BRIDE, WITH
A BIBLE.

LADY, I send no costly pearls,
To twine among thy glossy curls ;
Nor ask to place upon thy hand
The brilliant in its golden band.
Let others seek, by splendid guise,
To win the gaze of wandering eyes ;
Thou hast no need—that form and face
Asks not for artificial grace,
And, purer than the diamond's light,
Beams in that smile thy spirit bright.

Mine is an humble gift, and yet
More precious than the coronet
Upon the brow of Eastern king,
With priceless jewels glittering ;

For thou wilt find it ever be
A matchless Talisman to thee,
To ward afar each thing of sin,
And bless thy heart with peace within :
The spirit's Cestus, charming love
With holy beauty from above :
A faithful Mirror, in whose face
Each inner feature thou may'st trace,
From envy's warping censure free,
Or falser glare of flattery :
A steady and abiding Light,
When all around is wrapt in night,
Shedding afar its guiding ray,
To cheer thee in thy heavenward way.
And when thy mind with doubt is dim,
Or sorrows hush thy cheerful hymn ;
Or, worn with trial, faint and slow,
Thy feeble steps but feebler grow ;
Then, like the sage's Telescope,
'Twill lift thy soul above the earth,
And cheer thee with a joyful hope
Of bliss too great for mortal birth ;

While Heaven's reflected light appears,
A rainbow smiling through thy tears.
Or, like the Italian painter's glass,
Seen through its mean, away shall pass
Each sombre hue, and earth shall be
A very paradise to thee.

Thus precious in the bloom of life,
It fails not in the final strife ;
Though sight grow dim, and cheek wax pale,
And heart with sick'ning sense shall fail,
Upon thy brow its power will stamp,
Amid the death-dew cold and damp,
The seal of God ; and, hovering low,
Angelic ministers will know
The radiant signature, and shed
Heaven's richest odours round thy bed ;
Then changed, the fearful enemy
No more shall king of terrors be,
But, shine before thy kindling eye,
Herald of immortality !

Keep it, sweet lady, it will prove
The symbol of a purer love,

Than that which decks thine outward mien
With orient pearls, and diamond sheen.
Thy fairer mind I fain would bless
With fadeless gems of godliness.

S O N N E T.

THERE is a nobler strife than clashing spears,
A nobler peril than the battle-field ;
'Tis when, with trust in God worn as a shield,
'Midst universal hisses, scoffs, and sneers,
The man of truth with brow serene appears,
And stands forth singly for the right, appealed
To the Eternal Umpire ; nor will yield
One backward step, from policy or fears.
The savage, bandit, nay, the brute is steeled
'Gainst bristling danger—e'en the worm uprears
Beneath the foot his tiny sting, to crave
A venom'd vengeance ; but immortal years
Are full of glory for the Christ-like brave,
Who dare to suffer wrong, that they from wrong may
save.

H Y M N T O N I G H T.

(SUGGESTED BY THE BAS-RELIEF OF THORWALDSEN.)

YES! bear them to their rest;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,
The prattler, fall'n asleep e'en in his play;

Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O Night;

Bless them in dreams with a deep-hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience pain:

O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight?

Canst thou not bear them far,
E'en now, all innocent, before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of wo,
 The world's distracting jar,
 O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height ?

Canst thou not bear them up,
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
 Who drank for us the cup,
 O Night,
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, for them who slept
A babe all lowly on his mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,
 In all our sorrows wept,
 O Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light ?

Go, lay their little heads
Close to that human heart, with love divine
Deep-beating, while his arms immortal twine

Around them, as He sheds,
O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise ;
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep may break,
O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow ;
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
For, ever young, through Heaven's eternal years,
In one unfading morrow,
O Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless and so calm—at rest with thee,—
And only wake in immortality !
Bear us with them away,
O Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height !

S O N G.

I LATELY plucked an opening rose
From off its mossy tree,
To bloom amidst the bosom snows
Of thy sweet purity ;
But in an hour, the hapless flower
Was careless flung away,
Its fragrance shed, its promise fled,
To perish where it lay.

Full many a rose may grow beside
Upon that mossy tree ;
And many deck the bosom pride
Of thy sweet purity ;
But, wo is me ! I gave to thee
A heart thou didst disdain ;
And in the dust lies all its trust,
Never to bloom again.

SONG OF THE RHINELANDER IN
AMERICA.

COUNT it not strange, if 'mid the throng
 Of merry hearts, mine is not gay ;
And that I sing a plaintive song—
 My heart is far away.
The stranger's thoughts are with his home,
 The fatherland across the brine ;
His truant feet abroad may roam,
 His heart is on the Rhine.

O, 'tis not that I prize the less
 The welcome kind ye give to me ;
It is a faithful tenderness
 For love beyond the sea.
The stranger's eye with tears is dim,
 Though wit and beauty round him shine ;

He thinks of those who think of him,
Beside th' abounding Rhine.

I would not cast one shadow o'er
This smiling hour of social mirth ;
Yet memory bids me sigh the more
For my far distant hearth.
Rich harmonies around me gush,
But to a German heart like mine,
There is no music like the rush
Of thy broad stream, O Rhine !

S P A R E T H E B I R D S.

SPARE, spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong ;
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and holy song ;
Its song, so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart has stirred,
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

When, at the early day,
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way,
With welcome blithe and true ;
So when, at weary eve,
He homeward wends again,

Full sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept
Watch o'er her wakeful child,
Smiled when the baby slept,
Soothed by its wood-notes wild ;
And gladly has she flung
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit, like a stream
Of mercy from on high,
Or music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

O ! laugh not at my words,
To warn your thoughtless hours ;

Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers :
For since man was bereft
Of Paradise, in tears,
God these sweet things hath left
To cheer our eyes and ears.

W O R D S F O R M U S I C.

I LOVE to sing when I am glad,
Song is the echo of my gladness ;
I love to sing when I am sad,
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.
'Tis pleasant time, when voices chime
To some sweet rhyme in concert only ;
And song to me is company,
Good company, when I am lonely.

Whene'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And, 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers ;

And song gives birth to friendly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing ;
And in our home, above the skies,
Glad anthems are for ever ringing.
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow ;
Till day shall break, and we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,
Who found, in harp and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest ;
For sadly here I need the cheer,
While sinful fear with promise blendeth ;
O ! how I long to join the throng,
Who sing the song that never endeth !

P A T R I O T I C H Y M N.

God's blessing be upon
Our own, our native land !
The land our fathers won
By the strong heart and hand,
The keen axe and the brand ;
When they felled the forest's pride,
And the tyrant foe defied,
The free, the rich, the wide :
God for our native land !

To none upon a throne
But God, we bend the knee ;
No noble name we own
But noble liberty ;
Ours is a brother-band ;

For the spirit of our sires
Each patriot bosom fires,
And the strong faith inspires :
God for our native land !

Up with the starry sign,
The red stripes and the white !
Where'er its glories shine,
In peace or in the fight,
We own its high command ;
For the flag our fathers gave,
O'er our children's heads shall wave,
And their children's children's grave :
God for our native land !

America ! to thee,
In one united vow,
To keep thee strong and free,
And glorious as now,
We pledge each heart and hand ;
By the blood our fathers shed !
By the ashes of our dead !
By the sacred soil we tread !
God for our native land !

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

MAINE, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,

And from NEW HAMPSHIRE's granite heights, the echoing peal rings out;

The mountain farms of staunch VERMONT prolong the thundering call;

MASSACHUSETTS answers: "Bunker Hill!" a watch-word for us all.

RHODE ISLAND shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,

And staid CONNECTICUT breaks forth in sacred harmony.

The giant joy of proud NEW YORK, loud as an earthquake's roar,

Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore,

NEW JERSEY, hallowed by their blood, who erst in
battle fell,

At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in
the rapturous swell.

Wide PENNSYLVANIA, strong as wide, and true as she
is strong,

From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along.

Stand up, stout little DELAWARE, and bid thy volleys
roll,

Though least among the old Thirteen, we judge thee
by thy soul !

Hark to the voice of MARYLAND ! over the broad Che-
sapeake

Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings
speak.

VIRGINIA, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his
grave,

Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the
brave ;

We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day
inspires,

To know that, in Columbia's cause, "Virginia never
tires."

Fresh as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,
NORTH CAROLINA shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's
toil;

And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pinck-
ney, must

Respond the cry, or it will rise e'en from their sleeping
dust.

And GEORGIA, by the dead who lie along Savannah's
bluff,

Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well
enough;

From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles
of the sea,

Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now
throb high in thee?

On, on, 'cross ALABAMA's plains, the ever-flowery
glades,

To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf
invades;

There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her
mightier tide,

Come down the swelling long huzzas from all that
valley wide,

As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky ;
While on the shores and through the swales, 'round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.
The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty ;
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride ;
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.
Yes ! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west,

Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,
That woke the morning with its voice along the
Atlantic sea.

—O GOD ! look down upon the land which thou hast
loved so well,

And grant that in unbroken truth her children still
may dwell ;

Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow
through the vale,

May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their cove-
nant fail !

God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath
the sun ;

“ Our country, our whole country, and our country
ever one !”

S O N G.

(AT MIDNIGHT, IN AN ENGLISH MAIL-COACH.)

My country, oh ! my country,
 My heart still sighs for thee,
And many are the longing thoughts
 I send across the sea.
My weary feet have wandered far,
 And far they yet must roam ;
But oh ! whatever land I tread,
 My heart is with my home.

The fields of merry England
 Are spreading round me wide,
The verdant vale, and castled steep,
 In all their ancient pride ;
But give to me my own wild land,
 Beyond the salt sea's foam,

For there, amid her forests free,
My spirit is at home.

I've listened, at the sunset hour,
To the songs of merry France,
And smiled to see her peasants glad
In the evening's cheerful dance ;
But sadness chased away the smile,
As I thought, far o'er the sea,
Of the pensive group round the sacred hearth,
Whose hearts were sad for me.

There's no home like my own home,
Across the dark blue sea ;
The land of beauty and of worth,
The bright land of the free ;
Where royal foot hath never trod,
Nor bigot forged a chain ;
Oh ! would that I were safely back
In that bright land again !

S O N G.

I SEE thee sweetly smile,
I hear thee gaily sing,
But I am sure the while
Thy heart is suffering.
Thine eye is never glad,
Thy smile quick fades away ;
Ah ! well I know that thou art sad,
Although thy song be gay.

I've marked, unseen by thee,
The changes of thy cheek,
When thy heart seemed to be
So full thou couldst not speak.
The tear, oft in thine eye,
Is instant dashed away,
And in its pauses thou dost sigh,
Although thy song be gay.

I've read upon thy brow
Smoothed for the festive crowd,
Of lonely hours, when thou
Art desolately bowed
In grief, thou now wouldst hide,
But then will have its way,
And flow in a far bitterer tide,
Because thy song was gay.

Each day thy cheek grows pale,
And thinner than before ;
Thy sweet smile soon must fail
To hide thy sadness more.
Alas ! so sweet a thing
So soon should pass away !
Thy heart is breaking string by string,
Although thy song be gay.

S O N G.

I HAVE no heart to sing,
I have no heart to play ;
And I find it is a weary thing
To pass the time away.

I cannot sleep at night,
Or, sleeping, sadly dream ;
Then wake to wish 'twere light,
And catch the earliest beam.

I'm sad when I'm alone ;
And yet when friends are round,
The merry laugh, the merry tone,
Is a discordant sound ;

And I steal away to weep
Where no light eye can see ;
Yet wish for one to keep
My sadness company.

S O N G.

SHE's fresh as breath of summer morn,
She's fair as flowers in spring,
And her voice it has the warbling gush
 Of a bird upon the wing ;
For joy like dew shines in her eye,
 Her heart is kind and free ;
'Tis gladness but to look upon
 The face of Alice Lee.

She knows not of her loveliness,
 And little thinks the while,
How the very air grows beautiful
 In the beauty of her smile ;
As sings within the fragrant rose
 The honey-gath'ring bee,
So murmureth laughter on the lips
 Of gentle Alice Lee.

How welcome is the rustling breeze
When sultry day is o'er !
More welcome far the graceful step,
That brings her to the door ;
'Tis sweet to gather violets ;
But O ! how blest is he,
Who wins a glance of modest love,
From lovely Alice Lee !

SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

LET others sing the ruby bright
In the red wine's sparkling glow ;
Dearer to me is the diamond light
In the fountain's purer flow.
The feet of earthly men have trod
The juice from the bleeding vine,
But the stream comes pure from the hand of God.
To fill this cup of mine.
Then give me the cup of cold water,
The pure sweet cup of cold water ;
His arm is strong, though his toil be long,
Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The dewdrop lies in the flowret's cup,
How rich is its perfume now !

And the thirsty earth with joy looks up,
When Heav'n sheds rain on her brow.
The brook goes forth with a cheerful voice,
To gladden the vale along ;
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice
To listen her quiet song.
Then give me the cup of cold water,
The pure sweet cup of cold water ;
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,
Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The lark springs up with a lighter strain,
When the wave has washed her wing ;
And the steed flings back his thundering mane
In the might of the crystal spring.
This was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on its beauty fell ;
And the buried streams of its gladness rise
In every moss-grown well.
Then here's for the cup of cold water,
The pure sweet cup of cold water ;
Unto all that live will Nature give,
But a drink of clear cold water.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

(AFTER HEARING MR. DEMPSTER SING.)

O ! SING to me the auld Scotch sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father loved to hear,
The sangs my mither sung ;
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or croon'd me on her knee,
An' I wad na sleep, she sang sae sweet.
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes ! sing the auld, the gude auld sangs,
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,
An' the cosie ingle-side ;

Sangs o' the broom an' heather,
Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink ;
The auld Scotch sings for me !

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sings,
The blythesome or the sad ;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
An' greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim mine e'e,
An' the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,
As ye sing thae sings to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sings ;
For ilka ane can tell
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,
Where memory loves to dwell ;
Though hair win gray, an' limbs win auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scotch sings to me.

S O N G.

I HAE a cup o' gude red wine ;
Wha shall I pledge it wi' ?
Nane, nane shall be a toast o' mine,
Save thee, my Mary, thee.
Then here's a health to thee, my dear,
Then here's a health to thee ;
For its hue is like thy bonnie cheek,
And it sparkles like thine e'e !

I hae a wreath baith rich and rare ;
Whose shall the posie be ?
Nane, nane shall twine it 'mid their hair,
Save thee, my Mary, thee.
Then here's a wreath for thee, my dear,
Then here's a wreath for thee ;
For the opening rose is like thy mou',
—There's nae flow'r like thine e'e !

I hae a heart baith leal and kind ;
Wha shall be queen to me ?
Nane, nane shall rule aboon my mind,
Save thee, my Mary, thee.
Then here's a heart for thee, my dear,
Then here's a heart for thee ;
And if it e'er should grow too cauld,
Just warm it wi' thine e'e !

S O N G.

O ! HAPPY was the gloamin', when
I gently woo'd and won thee,
As through the shadows o' the glen
The young moon smiled upon thee.
Thine e'en were like the stars aboon,
Thy step was like the fairy,
And sweeter than the throstle's tune
Was thy saft voice, my Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
And mair than a' the warld beside
Were we to ane anither.

Fu' mony a day we twa hae seen,
Fu' mony a day o' sorrow ;
And clouds that lowered the yester-e'en,
Grew blacker on the morrow ;

Yet never was the day sae sad,
Nor night sae mirk and eerie,
But ae fond kiss could mak us glad,
My ain dear faithfu' Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
The warld might frown, but what cared we,
Sae we had ane anither ?

And now, as in the gloamin' sweet,
When first my passion won thee,
I homeward come at e'en to meet
And fondly gaze upon thee ;
Tho' locks be gray on ilka brow,
And feet be slow and wearie,
O, ne'er to me sae dear wert thou,
Nor I to thee, my Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our beating hearts thegither,
Whate'er may change, thae hearts are still
The same to ane anither.

The gloamin' dim o' passing life,
Is fa'ing gently o'er us ;

And here we sit, auld man and wife,
Nor dread the night before us ;
For we maun lift to heaven hie
A lightsome hope and cheerie,
Nor fear to lay us doon and dee,
And wak' aboon, my Mary.
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,
Our faithfu' hearts thegither ;
Welcome be death to tak' the ane,
Gin he will tak' the ither !

S O N N E T.

O N A P I C T U R E O F T H E M A G D A L E N E A S L E E P.

THY tears are dried, sweet penitent; no more
Abandoned on the ground we see thee lie,
The precious word of life beneath thine eye,
Searching the sacred record o'er and o'er
To find His grace for sins thy thoughts deplore,
Who came for lost ones such as thee to die.
—Thou art forgiven.—'Neath a smiling sky,
E'en as thou didst with upward face adore,
(The holy Cross clasped closely to thy breast,)
Sleep has come o'er thee, worn and wearied
By anxious vigils; yet in slumber blest,
Heaven's radiant glory circles round thy head,
Filling thy soul with visions of that rest
Where e'en repentance has no tears to shed !

ZAPPI'S SONNET

ON THE PORTRAIT OF RAFFAELLE BY HIMSELF.

AND this is Raffaelle! There, in that one face,
So sadly sweet, sought Nature to portray
His own high dreams of nobleness and grace,
The all of genius that she could convey
In features visible. He alone could trace
The great Idea; nor could he essay
Upon the eternal canvass thus to place,
Secure in beauty far beyond decay,
Another form so glorious as his own.

E'en eager Death held in suspense his dart:
"How shall the painter from his work be known,"
He asks, "that I may strike him to the heart?"
"Fruitless thy rage," the great soul gives reply,
"Nor image, nor its author, e'er shall die."

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

SUFFENUS, whom we both have known so well,
No other man in manners can excel ;
Facetious, courteous, affable, urbane,
The world's approval he is sure to gain.
But, would you think it ? he has now essayed
To be a bard, and countless verses made ;
Perhaps ten thousand, perhaps ten times more,
For none but he could ever count them o'er ;
Not scribbled down on scraps, as one does when
In careless rhymes we only try our pen ;
But in a gilt-edged book, all richly bound,
The writing ornate with a care profound,
Rich silken cords to mark each favourite part,
The cover, ev'n, a monument of art.
Yet as you read, Suffenus, who till then
Seemed the most pleasant of all gentlemen,

Becomes offensive as the country boor,
Who milks rank goats beside his cottage door,
Or digs foul ditches : such a change is wrought
By verse with neither sense nor music fraught.
So crazed is he with this same wretched rhyme,
That never does he know so blest a time
As when he writes away, and fondly deems
He rivals Homer's god-enraptured dreams ;
And wonders, in his pride, himself to see,
The very pattern-pink of poesy.
Alas ! Suffenus, while I laugh at thee,
The world, for aught I know, may laugh at me.
It is the madness of each one to pride
Himself on that t'were better far to hide ;
Nor know the faults in that peculiar sack,
Which *Æsop* says is hanging at his back.

P A S T O R A L.

I M I T A T E D F R O M T I B U L L U S.

LET him who will, hoard heaps of yellow gold,
Or vast domains in servile culture hold,
And tremble sleepless, lest he hear afar
The trumpet heralds of the invader's car.
Secure in humble quiet, let me trim
My vines and orchards, till the evening dim
Call me from wholesome labour, to retire
Where peace awaits me by my cottage fire ;
Content to hope that autumn's faith will bring
Full wages for the industry of spring
And genial summer's sweat, sufficient store
Of corn and wine-vats running freely o'er.
He never trusts in vain, who owns, like me,
A Providence o'er soil, and vine, and tree,

And fails not still his ready thanks to pay
At village church, where rustics meet to pray,
Whose simple porch, entwined with creepers green,
And tapering spire, across the mead is seen :
Nor there alone, but when by day a-field
Spontaneous praises from his heart will yield ;
Or, kneeling morn and eve at home, before
The household group, recounts their mercies o'er.
Yes, for thy sake, Almighty Source of all,
The poorer stranger at my door may call,
Nor empty thence, without God speed, depart ;
The widow's and the orphan's saddened heart
Shall sing for joy, as they unhidden glean
Their bosoms full my harvest sheaves between ;
And not unfrequent, summoned all to share
My humble feast, the neighbours shall repair,
The lads and lasses innocently bold,
Or, more sedate, gray-beard and matron old ;
For them the fatted calf I'll gladly kill,
For them the cup with ruddy pleasure fill.
This is thy due, my God, the sacrifice
Of all most grateful that to thee may rise ;

So on my happy heart look mildly down,
And all my toil with moderate plenty crown.
Let me, contented, thus remote remain,
Nor make long journeys for uncertain gain ;
Shunning the summer noon's too ardent beam,
Prone in the shade beside some murmuring stream ;
Yet ne'er averse, without excessive toil,
To break for tender plants the stiffened soil,
Or urge the slow-paced oxen, as I guide
The sharpened share with all a ploughman's pride.
And be it mine with shepherd's love to bear
The bleating wanderer from its mother's care
Homeward again, and hush its wild alarms,
In the safe shelter of my gentle arms.
So He, in whom I trust, will guard my fold
From stealthy wolf or human robber bold ;
And not refuse the humble boon I crave,
My loaded vines from plundering birds to save.
Let the proud noble boast his wealthy store,
Enough be mine—I would not ask for more ;
So that at eve I rest my weary form
On the dear couch by faithful love made warm ;

Then, though without are winter storms, how sweet
To list the rain against the casement beat,
As, clasping fondly to my happy breast
My gentle wife, it lulls us to our rest !
Well do they earn the riches they attain
Who tempt, for commerce, the tempestuous main ;
Not all their gold or jewels would I buy
With one sad drop from Delia's anxious eye.
Boast thou, Messala, spoils of victory,
Wrung from thy foes, or on the land or sea !
Let me fair Delia's captive blest remain,
Her fair fond arms my ever-welcome chain ;
Nor shall I care though I inglorious be,
My gentle Delia, in thy company.
With thee still let me live, and when I die,
Thee shall I bless with my expiring eye.
Thou by my couch in gentle grief shalt stand,
And feel the last faint pressure of my failing hand.
Then wilt thou weep—thy bitter tears shall rain,
While I unconscious of thy tears remain,
Kissing the brow, the lips, whose icy chill
Answers instead of love's delicious thrill.

Then wilt thou weep, when following to the grave
Him e'en thy fond affection could not save.
Yet, for my love, and for love's memory, spare
The rippling gold of thy dishevelled hair;
Nor wound upon the flints thy tender knee—
Their beauty spare, dear, e'en in death, to me!
And not a village swain or virgin then
Tearless shall to their home return again
From the sad scene, but, for thy sorrow's sake,
Will for thy loss, a day of mourning make.
Thus let us live and love while yet we may,
(For death will come at some too early day,)
And give to each our fond, confiding truth,
Till age shall calm the transports of our youth.
With my snug farm, my cottage home, and thee,
Riches I scorn, and smile at poverty.

HORACE, ODE I. 38.

OH! how I hate, boy, hair smelling of Macassar!
Throw away that garland, nor, like an ass, sir,
Searching for thistles 'mid the meadow grass, sir,
 Seek autumn's roses;
Only the myrtle, carelessly entwining
My brow and yours, boy, serve thy master dining
Where, 'neath the vine leaves in the sunset shining,
 Blest he reposes.

E P I G R A M S.

T O A L A D Y R I C H L Y D R E S S E D.

(From the Greek. On Venus armed.)

AH! vain enchantress, wherefore try
With toilet arts that form to arm
For conquest sweet, that men may die?
Each ornament but hides a charm.

O N A P O R T R A I T.

(From the Latin.)

The mirth is laughing in thine azure eyes,
And dimpling o'er thy blushing cheek;
Come, let me share the glad surprise,
Open those rosy lips, and speak.

O N A C O T T A G E.

(From the Greek.)

Go, robber, past, and seek some richer store,
Strong poverty defends my humble door.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS.

(After the Greek manner.)

MORTUÆ.

THE moss has hid the name upon the stone,
Which guards thine ashes in their sacred sleep ;
Thou art forgotten, but by one alone,
—That name within my heart is written deep.

A NOTHER.

In happy hours, when we in rapture vied,
“ My life ! ” “ My soul ! ” each to the other cried ;
And now, since Fate has torn our loves apart,
I die within thy tomb, thou livest in my heart.

A NOTHER.

While thou wert here, the wished for night I blest,
When by thy side I laid me down to rest ;

More welcome far the shade of death will be,
When in the grave I sleep again with thee.

IN FIDEI.

The star which cheered the gloomy night,
Fades in the glow of morning light ;
And, now that fortune gilds thy lot,
My faithful love is all forgot !

IN IMAGINEM PUELLÆ.

'Tis vain, kind artist ! this was like her when
Ione sat and smiled to thee ; but then
The likeness with the fleeting moment passed ;
Each hour her loveliness transcends the last !

ON A MALICIOUS PERSON, WHO AFFECTS HUMILITY.

Call him not meek, the sycophantic thing !
'Tis but the serpent's art to creep and sting.

(Religious.)

I N S C R I P T I O N F O R A F O U N T A I N .

Drink, weary pilgrim ! If athirst thou be,
Know that the stream is gushing forth for thee ;
Drink for Christ's sake, our painful way who trod ;
Man gives the cup—the living water, God.

H E B R E W S I V . 9 .

O rest not now, but scatter wide the seeds
Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds ;
So thou shalt rest above eternally,
When God the harvest fruit shall give to thee.

H E B R E W S I V . 10 .

Thou restedst not, O God, from thine employ
Till thou beheldst thy finished work with joy ;
Nor let me think my right to rest is won,
Till thou shalt view my work, and say: “ Well done ! ”

PHILIPPIANS II. 12, 13.

O blessed weakness, when Christ is our strength !
O blessed fear, the warrant of success !
O blessed service, which secures at length,
In God's good pleasure, our own happiness !

LUX IN TENEBRIS, TENEBRAE IN LUCE.

'Tis not the sun, but Thou that gives me day ;
Thy sweet compassion makes the darkness bright ;
And, if Thou turn'st Thy loving smile away,
My soul at noon is wrapped in deepest night.

SPECIMENS OF PSALMS LITERALLY VERSIFIED.

P S A L M I X.

I WILL praise thee, O my Lord, with my whole heart
I'll praise thee,
And show forth all thy marvellous works right loftily
will I;
I will rejoice in thee, for thy love doth embrace me;
I will sing praises to thy name, O God, the Lord most
high!

Mine enemies fly fast, they fall, O Lord, before thee,
Yea, they perish all before the glory of thy might;
Thou hast maintained my cause, therefore do I adore
thee,
O thou that sittest on thy throne for ever judging right!

Thou hast rebuked the heathen for ever and for ever,
Their very name hath perished quite and shamefully
in dust;

—O mine enemy, thy rage shall vex the righteous never,
Upon thy grave lie those proud walls which once thou
mad'st thy trust.

The Lord from endless years to endless years en-
dureth,

He hath prepared for judgment high his throne of
mighty power;

His truth full vengeance on th' ungodly soul ensureth ;
His people shall his justice save in that tremendous
hour.

Thou art a refuge for the weak, before th' oppressor
flying,

A refuge in the darkest hour thy name, O Lord, they
make ;

Who know thy steadfast truth, and, on that truth
relying,

Claim thy strong help, shall surely find thou never
dost forsake.

O sing praises to the Lord, the Lord who dwells in Zion,

Declare among the people there the doings of his might !

He remembereth, in his fiercest wrath, those who his word rely on ;

He forgetteth not the lowly, when they cry in sore affright.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, consider my distresses, The insulting rage of enemies my very soul who hate ;

Deliver me even now, for hard the foe oppresses ;

Thou canst lift up my life even from death's lowest gate !

Then thy praises will I sing to Zion's listening daughter,

Exulting in thy temple high, thy saving love I'll sing ;

In the pit they digged for me my foes lie heaped in slaughter,

Their cruel souls are taken in their own imagining.

By his judgment is Jehovah known, though no mortal
eyes behold him ;

The wicked perish in the way his willing feet have
trod ;

Yea, the wicked shall be plunged in hell, where endless
fires enfold him,

With all the nations who forget their Maker and their
God.

But the holy poor, who patient trust in humble expec-
tation,

Shall be remembered, Lord, by thee, in some bright
future day ;

Their cry wilt thou regard, and answer with salvation,
Thy mercy seems to linger now, but shall not sleep
alway.

Arise, and put to shame, O Lord, the heathen's boastful
story,

That they may win the victory who for Jehovah fight !

Put them in fear, O God, with their effulgent glory,

That men may own themselves but dust, and kneel
before thy might !

P S A L M X I X.

THE heavens, O God, declare to man thy glory,
The firmament thy wisdom's holy skill ;
Day following day proclaims the wondrous story,
Night following night repeats the lesson still.

They speak a language known to every nation ;
Who upward looks, shall hear their voice sublime ;
The deep, hushed music of their adoration
Full on the soul to utmost earth doth chime.

There is the Sun's pavilion, whence arising,
Like a proud bridegroom in his splendour drest,
And with glad light the dewy earth surprising,
A giant strong, he speeds him to the West.

His going forth is from the Orient heaven,
And round he hies again to reach the goal ;
The lowest earth feels his glad heat like leaven,
Working mysterious ends from pole to pole.

So perfect is thy law, O God most holy,
Converting from its sin the erring heart ;
So doth thy truth shine on the spirit lowly,
Making her blest with joy, e'en as Thou art.

Pure as morn's early rays on eyes awaking,
So beams thy word upon th' awakening mind ;
And God's high majesty, no stain partaking
With mortal thought, eternal is enshrined.

More precious now, unto my soul's desire,
Than gold, yea, finest gold, thy counsels are ;
And, when my thoughts refreshing cheer require,
Than comb distilling honey sweeter far.

They are my safe companions, still forewarning
From subtle ill, while my weak steps they guard ;
Thee would I serve each day from early morning,
For in thy statutes is a great reward.

Who knows his every sin ? From faults long hidden,
O cleanse thou me ! and from presumptuous pride,
O keep me back ! that, when the vile are chidden,
My faithful soul, O Lord, thou may'st not chide.

Let all my words be pure—my meditation
Be grateful to thee, when I lowly bow,
Giving glad homage for thy full salvation,
My Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer thou.

P S A L M X X I I I.

THE Lord he is my shepherd,
No want I e'er shall know ;
In greenest mead he makes me feed,
Where the calm waters flow.

My soul his love restoreth,
And me to walk doth make
(Lest I transgress) in righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, in death's darkest valley,
I shall feel no dismay ;
For there with me thou still shalt be,
Thy rod and staff my stay.

My table thou preparest,
In presence of my foes ;
Upon my head, thou oil dost shed,
And my cup overflows.

Thy goodness and thy mercy
Shall ever follow me ;
And when I die, with thee on high
My endless home shall be.

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P S A L M C X X V I.

WHEN Zion from captivity Jehovah did redeem,
The joy appeared too great for truth, we were like
those who dream ;
Then were our mouths with laughter filled, and from
each grateful tongue
Glad praises to Jehovah there, before the heathen,
rung.
“The Lord hath done great things for them !” with
wonder then they cried ;
“The Lord hath done great things for us !” exulting
we replied.
—Bring home thy tribes unto their land, Lord, like the
floods that pour
Their channels full from southern hills when summer’s
heats are o’er.

The faithful hearts that trust thy word, though they in
anguish weep,
Yet shall the harvest of their faith in happy season
reap ;
Yea, doubtless, shall abounding sheaves their constant
bosoms fill,
Who sow in tears the precious seed, obedient to thy
will.

P S A L M C X X X V I I .

By Babel's waters we sat down, a weeping company ;
We thought of Zion, and our harps hung on the willow
tree.

Our masters there, with cruel taunt, required of us a
song :

“One of the songs,” the spoiler cried, “to Zion that
belong.”

God of our fathers ! how can we find either voice or
hand

For Judah's lofty minstrelsy, in a far foreign land ?
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! if, thus forgetting thee,
I wake for thine insulting foes thy sacred melody,
Oh ! may my hand forget its skill to strike the tuneful
string,

My palsied tongue with horror shrink, though all
around me sing !

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! my joy all joys above,
Thine is my hand, my harp, my voice, my heart's un-
bounded love.

—Jehovah ! thou wilt not forget, how in that dreadful
day,

The raging hosts of Edom howled like wolves above
their prey :

“ Rase, rase their walls unto the dust ! ”—Oh God !
requite to them

The ruin of our heritage, thine own Jerusalem !

Yes, Babylon ! the day shall come, proud as thy
triumphs shine

Above the tribes of Israel now, our ruin will be
thine ;

And happy he, who will not spare thy children in thy
fall,

But dash thy last remaining babe against thy prostrate
wall !

TRANSLATION.

A CHAUNT OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AT THE
LIGHTING OF THE EVENING LAMP.

USHER, DIATR. DE SYMBOLIS, p. 35.

Light of the immortal Father's glory,
Joyous, sacred, heavenly, blest,
Jesus Christ, we bow before thee,
As the sunlight leaves the west.
We give thee homage, grateful, lowly,
That the evening light we see,
Father, Son, and Spirit Holy,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

Worthy art Thou worlds unending,
Son of God, the life and light,
To receive a praise transcending
All created worth and might;

Soon the star, now shining o'er us,
All the earth shall joyful see ;
And all tongues shall swell the chorus :
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

IF I ONLY HAVE THEE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.)

If I only have Thee,
If only mine thou art,
And to the grave
Thy power to save
Upholds my faithful heart;
Naught can then my soul annoy,
Lost in worship, love, and joy.

If I only have Thee,
I gladly all forsake.
To follow on
Where thou hast gone.
My pilgrim staff I take;
Leaving other men to stray
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

If I only have Thee,
If only Thou art near,
In sweet repose
My eyes shall close,
Nor Death's dark shadow fear ;
And thy heart's flood through my breast,
Gently charm my soul to rest.

If I only have Thee,
All the world is mine ;
Like those who gaze
Upon the rays
That from thy glory shine,
Rapt in holy thought of Thee,
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Where I only have Thee
Is my fatherland ;
For everywhere
The gifts I share
From thy wide-spreading hand ;
And in all my human kind,
Long-lost brothers dear I find.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

IT is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

IT is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die !
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife.
 To reign with Thee on high.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THE Almighty Spirit to a poor and humble Virgin
came,

With promise that her child should bear IMMANUEL'S
mystic name;

And the blessed mother, full of joy, bowed down her
pious head :

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord, and do as thou
hast said.”

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,
Make us like her, meek and lowly!

The hour of grace was fully come, and humble shep-
herds lay

On Bethlehem's plains, with pious talk, watching until
the day;

When heavenly glory shone around, far brighter than
the morn,

And radiant angels sang : “ To you the Saviour Lord
is born ! ”

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,
Make us like them, meek and lowly !

Within a manger’s humble bed, the Lord of Glory
slept,

And the humble mother’s yearning heart blest vigil
o’er him kept ;

And humble shepherds knelt around, with wondering
faith, to see

Upon an infant’s feeble brow enstamped Divinity.

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,
Make us like Thee, meek and lowly !

In all thy riper years, O Christ ! though armed with
power Divine,

The gentle meekness of the poor and humble heart
was thine ;

And now, upon thy lofty throne, so smiles thy mercy
mild,

That saints and angels worship thee, as God's most
Holy Child.*

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,
Keep us like thee, meek and lowly.

* Acts iv. 22.

ANOTHER.

Joy and gladness ! joy and gladness !
Oh ! happy day !
Ev'ry thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd-throng around him
Haste we to bow;
By the angel's sign they found him,
We know him now;
New-born babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus, 'tis thou!

Son of Mary, (blessed mother !)
Thy love we claim ;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name !)
To thy Father's throne ascended,
With thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine ;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were thine :

By thy fight with strong temptation,
By thy cup of tribulation,
Oh ! thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine !

In thy holy footsteps treading
Guide, lest we stray ;
From thy word of promise shedding
Light on our way ;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

A N O T H E R.

FULL many a year has sped,
Since, round his cradle-bed,
The shepherd-throng
Hailed, Lord, the Child Divine,
Blessed Mary's Son and Thine,
Led by the starry sign
And angel's song.

No heavenly song we hear,
Nor wondrous signs appear,
This holy morn ;
But in our faith we see,
Jesus-Jehovah, thee,
On thy sweet mother's knee,
A babe new-born.

And in thy book of truth,
Through infancy and youth,
 We trace thy way.
Well may thy praise be sung,
By every youthful tongue,
O Saviour of the young,
 On this glad day !

Sad was thy gentle life,
Strong was thy constant strife,
 Our souls to save ;
By all our sins distrest,
Nor home hadst thou, nor rest,
E'en from thy mother's breast
 To the dark grave.

O, by the faithful love
That brought thee from above,
 Our paths to tread,
Guide thou our simple youth
In ways of perfect truth,
And from thy promise sooth
 Rich comfort shed.

O, by thy death of shame,
And thy triumphant name
 Of boundless power,
So may we die to sin,
And a new life within
Heaven's own bright day begin,
 From this good hour.

Hosanna to our King !
Hosanna high we sing,
 Hail, hail, O Christ !
To Him, who in the name
Of God-Jehovah came,
Let every heart proclaim :
 Hosanna highest !

A N O T H E R.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name ;
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannahs to our King.
With thrilling pulse and smiling face,
We gather round the throne of grace
And lowly bend to offer there,
From infant lips, our Christmas prayer,
To Him who slept on Mary's knee,
A gentle child, as young as we.

We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That, stooping from his Father's throne,
He died, to claim it as his own.

And now the holy aisles we fill,
Yet youthful bands are gathering still;
O, thus may we in heaven above,
Unite in praises and in love;
While happy angels fill their home
With joyful cry: "They come, they come!"

H Y M N

FOR THE OPENING OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM CHAPEL,
BLOOMINGDALE, NEW YORK.

BY THE CONGREGATION.

THINE ancient temple, Lord, is dust;
But Thou hast sworn to be
Wherever meet, in pious trust,
True hearts to worship thee;

And we, the orphan's home to bless,
In lowly faith draw near;
Come, Father of the fatherless,
And make thy dwelling here.

At op'ning morn, and closing eve,
And Sabbath's holy time,

Do thou the grateful praise receive,
Their artless voices chime.

And may thy lamp of love, whose light
Shone on young Samuel's bed,
Throughout this house each silent night
Its tranquil blessing shed.

BY THE CHILDREN.

Here may we listen to the call
Thine infant prophet heard,
Till every heart is thine, and all
Delight to know thy word.

And never may our hearts forget,
Though far our feet may roam,
The God around whose shrine we met,
Within our Orphan Home.

Till all who learn hosannahs here,
To Christ the Saviour's love,
Shall in our Father's house appear,
And sing his praise above.

H Y M N F O R E A S T E R.

'Tis He ! 'tis He ! I know him now,
By the red scars upon his brow,
His wounded hands, and feet, and side,
My Lord ! my God ! the Crucified !

Those hands have rolled the stone away ;
Those feet have trod the path to-day ;
And round that brow triumphant shine
The rays of majesty divine.

O, from those hands uplifted, shed
Thy blessing on my fainting head ;
And, as I clasp those feet, impart
The love that gushed from out thy heart !

Thy death upon the cross be mine,
My life from mortal sin, be thine,
And mine the way thy feet have trod,
To reign in heaven with thee, my God.

P R A Y E R F O R T H E S P I R I T.

O for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high !

We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the Word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs,
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

While many crowd thy house,
How few around thy board
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord ?

Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy Gospel sure success,
And bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

Come, with thy power divine,
Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be thine,
Our church like that above.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

“ Assument pennas sicut aquilæ.”

WHY, trembling soul! such strange affright
To quit a toil-worn frame like this ;
Nor joy to stretch thy wings of light,
And seek a higher realm of bliss ?

Why thus imprisoned love to dwell
Where darkness shrouds thy longing eye,
When all beyond the narrow cell
Is light and hope and liberty ?

How oft thy cry : O for the hour
When some strong hand would set me free !
—Lo, thy Deliverer ! who hath power
O'er death and thy captivity.

O heed not then the sick'ning pain,
Nor faint, though sight and sense grow dim ;
'Tis but the wrench that breaks thy chain
From fettered wing and weary limb.

I feel thee now, my rising soul,
Like early lark I singing soar,
And, free from every base control,
I stoop to earth and sin no more.

A P R A Y E R.

1 C O R I N T H I A N S, X I I I.

FATHER, on my bended knee,
Hear me ask a boon from thee :

Give me, if thou wilt, the charm
Of eloquence, thy truth to arm,
That the sinful soul may tremble,
And the vile no more dissemble ;
Touch my lips with sacred fire,
Such as kindles Heaven's choir
When Cherubim and Seraphim
Swell with saints th' immortal hymn ;
Give me strong prophetic sight
To read all thy mysteries right ;
Faith to make the mountain yield
Easy path as meadow field ;

—Grant me, if Thou wilt, all these,
Yet not all my heart can ease,
If Thou dost not grant to me
Gentle, lowly Charity ;
Without this, they all shall tell
Like tinkling cymbal, empty bell.

Had I riches, and a heart
All in mercy to impart ;
Courage strong to yield my breath
In a martyr's fiery death ;
Little would they profit me
Without gentle Charity.
Charity that beareth long,
Though I suffer cruel wrong ;
To the erring always kind ;
To my own worth always blind ;
Glad of others' happy lot,
In his profit mine forgot ;
Vaunting not superior good,
Never proud, nor harsh, nor rude ;
Yielding, rather far than fight,
Ev'n my due with meek delight ;

Slowly stirred to words of blame,
Slowly seeing others' shame ;
'Neath my trials never grieving ;
All a brother's praise believing ;
Ever hoping for the best,
And enduring all the rest ;
—This is what I ask from Thee,
Gentle, lowly Charity.

Little now at best we know,
Though with prophet's fire we glow ;
But when Thou shalt radiant come,
And reveal the mighty sum,
We shall in the glory see
Only gentle Charity.

When I was a little child,
Foolish were my words and wild ;
Feebly learned I what was taught,
Feebly then of wisdom thought ;
Now, Lord, let my manhood be
Strong in gentle Charity.

Dim, as through a shadowed glass,
Now we watch thy glories pass ;
But when, in thy close embrace,
Thou shalt clasp me face to face,
I shall all thy greatness see,
As Thou now dost look on me.

Still within my heart shall rest,
Each a welcome, cheerful guest,
Sent to bless me from above,
Faith, and Hope, and holy Love ;
But the chiefest place shall be,
Thine, sweet, gentle Charity !

“A L O N E, Y E T N O T A L O N E.”

JOHN X V I. 32.

THE desert flower afar may bloom,
Where foot of man ne'er trod ;
Yet gratefully its soft perfume
Ascendeth up to God ;
And He will own the offering too,
And fill its cup with living dew.

Alone may sing the forest-bird,
Afar from human ear,
Yet there he singeth not unheard,
For God is listening near ;
And He will cheer the warbler's breast
With pleasant food and quiet rest.

Thus, when before His gracious throne,
With grateful praise I bend,
I feel I am not all alone,
For God is still my friend ;
And humble though my love may be,
He answereth it with love to me.

Each morn will bring a promise pure
As dew to desert flower,
Each eve a rest as calm and sure
As birds in forest bower ;
Till death shall free my earth-bound wing,
And bear me heavenward as I sing.

S A I L O R ' S H Y M N.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's wo,
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping—
“All, all's well!” thy constant cheer.

And, though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the billow's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Heav'n I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear me when I cry ;
And, though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
Safely moored in Heav'n's wide haven,
Storms and tempests vex no more.

THE DEPARTING MISSIONARY.

FAREWELL to thee, brother ! We meet but to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart ;
There is grief—but there's hope, all its anguish to quell ;
The Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! Thou art leaving the home of thy youth,
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell ;
Yet the Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! for thou treadest the path that He trod ;
His God is thy Father, His Father thy God ;
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,
Remember He's with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! and God speed thee, glad tidings to bear,
To the desolate isles in their night of despair ;
On the sea, on the shore, all the promises tell,
His wings shall enfold thee. Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! but in spirit we often shall meet
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat ;
And above, ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell
With the Master in glory—Till then, oh ! farewell !

THE JOY OF ANGELS.

THERE's joy before the face of God,
While, from th' eternal throne,
Unwonted rapture streams abroad,
And o'er all heaven hath shone.

The seraphim to cherubim
With glad responses call,
And loud rejoice, with harp and hymn,
Angel, archangel, all.

And loftily the choral strain
Swell through the skies around :
“ A soul once dead now lives again !
A sinner lost is found ! ”

Not such their joy, when o'er the birth
Of glorious worlds they sung ;

Or when the Almighty rolled the earth
The tuneful spheres among.

Not thus they hailed the starry sign,
When Bethlehem's lowly King
Did round his majesty divine
Man's humble nature fling.

Before Jehovah's burning breath,
Those orbs shall pass away ;
And Jesus stooped to shame and death.
When He assumed our clay.

But while eternity shall roll
Its ceaseless years for aye,
Shall shine that new-created soul,
With ever-waxing ray ;

And Jesus to his blood-bought throne
Shall lift his chosen high,
Radiant in glory all his own,
The jewels of the sky.

“MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF
HIM THAT SENT ME.”

JOHN IV. 34.

UPON the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,
Athirst and hungry, from the way
His feet had trod since early day ;
The Twelve had gone to seek for food,
And left him in his solitude.

They come and spread before him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid him : “ Master, eat ! ”
But God had sent him better meat,
And there is on his gentle brow,
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace ;
And when He set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith is faint,
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God that thou may'st peace impart
Unto some other human heart ;
And thou thy Master's joy shalt share,
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES. F E E T.

JOHN XIII. 1-15.

O ! BLESSED Jesus ! when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending.
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share thy feast, I know not t' adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree ;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee,—
And thou wilt prove to them, ere thou dost part,
Th' untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day too is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear,
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do thy will and bow in homage there ;
But thou dost pledge, to guard thy church from ill,
Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus ! to my soul thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love ;
With humblest service all thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before thy throne above—
Yes ! serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas, in thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin ;
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT ! comprehending
Man's highest honour in his humblest name ;

For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim ;
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

L U T H E R.

O ! THAT the soul of Luther
Were on the earth again !
The mighty soul, whose mightier faith
Burst ancient error's chain ;

And flashed the rays of God's own word
Through superstition's night,
Till the church of God, that sleeping lay,
Awoke in Christ's own light !

For there are banded traitors strong,
Who fain would round us cast
The fetters that our fathers wore,
In those dark ages past.

“The church ! the church !” they loudly boast ;
“The cross ! the cross !” they cry ;
But ’tis not God’s pure church they love,
Nor the Cross of Calvary !

They would knot again the painful scourge,
And fire the martyr’s pile ;
And the simple poor of God’s free grace,
With mystic words, beguile.

They would tear the Bible from our hearts,
And bid us blindly turn
From the holy page, and the Spirit’s power,
At the feet of men to learn.

They darken e’en the house of prayer
With Gothic shadows dim,
Lest the Sun of truth and righteousness
Should shine on us from Him.

They open lying legends old,
And claim their right to rule,

Through lines of tyrant-prelates long,
From the meek Apostles' school.

They stand between us and our God,
In their robes of bigot-pride,
And swear that none, who serve not them,
Shall serve the Crucified.

O ! that the soul of Luther
Were on the earth once more ;
And his mighty faith in the words of truth,
Those floods of light to pour !

For the church his holy zeal once led
From worse than Egypt free,
Is wandering from THE GLORY back
To foul captivity !

SABBATH EVENING.

“Te veniente die—Te decedente requiro.”

SWEET was the Sabbath morn ; the light
Shone out with purer rays,
Than ever chase the lingering night
From sin’s most pompous days.

Sweet was our waking thought,—that He,
Who Eden’s Sabbath blest,
Gave to our souls this day, that we
Might enter to his rest.

Sweet was the voice of Sabbath bell,
Clear-ringing through the air,
When on our waiting ears it fell,
A call to praise and prayer.

Sweet was the slow, yet cheerful walk
With Christian company,
Who loved of Jesus' grace to talk,
And longed his power to see.

In God's own house, how passing sweet
Where God's own praise is heard,
And saints are bowing at his feet
To hear his holy word !

But now hath set the Sabbath sun,
And fallen the evening shade ;
The pleasant work is well nigh done,
The Sabbath pleasant made.

Yet sweetly, midst the holy calm,
The memory of delight
Sheds on the soul a blessed balm,
Like fragrant dews by night.

The echo of the praise is still
Ling'ring upon the ear ;

And through our weekly journey will
Our pilgrim spirits cheer.

O when shall that fair morning break,
Whose light will ne'er grow dim ;
And the whole Church in glory wake
The everlasting hymn ?

T H E E N D.









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